

Everything In Between by freshprinceofbelair

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Relationships: Joyce Byers/Jim "Chief" Hopper

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Summary:

Jim Hopper and Joyce Horowitz have been best friends since they were 5, so they couldn't possibly be right for one another...or could they? When it comes to love, life and making the right choices, these two have been their own worst enemies since the beginning. One awkward turn at 18, one missed opportunity...and life sends them hurling in different directions. But somehow, across time, space and different continents, the tie that binds them cannot be undone - despite surprise pregnancies, disastrous love affairs, marriage, infidelity and divorce. This is the untold story of Jim Hopper and Joyce. (COMING BACK TO THIS IN A WEEK)

Everything In Between

Author's Note:

this IS going to be a multi-chapter fic

October 6, 1975

The laughter of children rang in Joyce Byers ears as she sat, emotionless, amongst family friends, unfamiliar faces, and her own sons. She felt her youngest boy, Will, startle her from deep thought, as he leaned his soft brunette head against her satiny pink shawl.

Take a deep breath. Her heart only seemed to beat faster.

Tell them about the beginning. How you both met.

Memories flooded Joyce's mind as she reminisced on colorful days that seemed so long gone. Joyce and Jim on the Hawkins Elementary playground, on their first day of Kindergarten, swinging on long, chain-link swings. (Jim would always playfully try to hold onto her swing so that he could swing higher.) Or, in third grade when they were caught passing notes back and forth during Math. (Jim stuffed Joyce's chicken-scratch note right in his mouth just as Mrs. Stevens pulled him up to the front of the class.)

Tell them about the dreams you had.

She thought of all the times they spent swiveling around Jim's father's old, browning globe after a day spent learning their multiplication tables. The pair's small, pale, fingers sliding around

oceans and lakes. (Jim always insisted he would get to see Asia one day. Joyce would laugh and tell him they would go together, as she slid her hand in his.)

Joyce's face warmed.

No, it's probably better to keep that one to myself.

Suddenly a warm palm shook her and she found herself looking straight in the eyes of Karen Wheeler. The poised woman smiled at her encouragingly as she picked up her knife off the table to lightly tap an empty crystal wine glass. The gentle ring ricocheted through the room and conversations simmered down. Karen nodded at Joyce supportively as she watched her stand and attempt to smooth her dress.

Just tell them that this is-

That this has to be

One

Of

The

Happiest

Days

Of my life.

Joyce shakingly opened up her tear-stained speech.

“For those who have not met me before... I’m Joyce.” She quirked

her nervous demeanor up into a smile and slightly waved her hand in a timid greeting to the crowd. She scanned them for some smiling, familiar faces and stumbled upon Jim's, a couple tables back. Her mouth went dry as she gazed upon that shit-eating grin. The same smile she grew up with. What looked to be happy tears, were budding from his eyes as he watched her stand before him with his arm around his newly-wed wife.

“And this has to be one of the... she took a breath
...happiest days of my life.”